THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

No. 44. SATURDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1915. PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

All donations in money or kind should be addressed to the Financial Secretary of the E.L.F.S. :—
Miss N. L. Smyth,
400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

THIS WEEK'S MEETINGS.

Saturday, Jan. 16th, 3 p.m.—Poster Parade starting from Brotherhood Church, Southgate Road, Kingsland, N.
Sunday, Jan. 17th, 3 p.m.—Hyde Park (Marble Arch), Mrs. Bouvier, Mrs. Porch.
8 p.m.—The Women's Hall—Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Bouvier and others.
Monday, Jan. 18th, 3 p.m.—Bow, Women's Hall.
8 p.m.—"Peacock," Freemason's Road—Mrs. Bouvier.
8 p.m.—Salmon Lane, Poplar—Mrs. Drake.
8.30 p.m.—Lesbia Rd—Mrs. Walker.
Tuesday, Jan. 19th, 7.30 p.m.—Limehouse, Burdett Rd.—Mrs. Walker.
8 p.m.—Poplar Woman's Hall—Rev. C. Isherwood.
8 p.m.—53 St. Leonard St.—
Wednesday, Jan. 20th, 8 p.m.—Chrisp St.—Mr. J. C. Rowe, Mrs. Walker.
Thursday, Jan. 21st, 3 p.m. — Deacon's Vestry—Mrs. Walshe.
8 p.m.—Knapp Rd.—Mr. Bark.
8 p.m.—124 Barking Rd—Miss Harbutt.
8 p.m. — Women's Hall, Bow Choir Practice.
Friday, Jan. 21st, 3 p.m.—Poplar Women's Hall.—
8 p.m.—Canning Town—Beckton Rd.—Mrs. Davies.
8 p.m.—Poplar, Piggott St.—Mrs. Thompson.
8 p.m.—Brotherhood Church, Southgate Rd, Kingsland, N.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Bouvier, John Scurr.
Sunday, Jan. 24th, at 8 p.m.—**Joint Demonstration, Trafalgar Square**—(*see displayed announcement*).
8 p.m.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst at Bow Baths.

FUTURE FIXTURES.

Thursday, Feb. 4th—West Hampstead Town Hall—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinch (in the Chair) and others.
Friday, Feb. 5th—Old Kent Road Baths—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.

INFLUENCE AND INEFFICIENCY.

The Hon. Albinia Brodrick, in a letter to the *Clarion*, states that whilst the British Red Cross Society had on October 19th 1,500 fully-trained nurses on its books waiting to be called up in case of need, women of influence who have had little or no training are constantly being sent to the front to nurse the wounded soldiers. She instances the daughter of Mr. T. J. Woodrow, secretary of the City of London Conservative and Unionist Association, who, after one month's training at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and three weeks in the Casualty and Surgical Ward of St. Mary's, went for immediate service to France, under the direction of the British War Office; Lady Diana Manners who is going to the front after only three weeks' training; and pupils of the College of Ambulance in Vere Street, who are given three weeks' training for five guineas. Miss Brodrick points out that Dr. Albert Wilson, after spending some time at a base hospital in Dieppe, wrote to the *British Medical Journal*, asserting that "Nurses, however capable, seem unable to get work."

Miss Brodrick quotes a soldier who said: "If I had been handled by a trained nurse my poor leg would not have been in this mess. It was all along of a Red Cross Miss dragging off my trousers, instead of slitting them up."

Why should these things be?

Chiefly, we believe, because it is too commonly imagined that any work done by women is easy and unskilled, just a mere matter of pottering and patience with a little instinctive devotion and sentiment thrown in. Any woman is supposed to be able to do any kind of "woman's work," and, therefore, if she is a charming lady whom he knows, or whose father or brother is a friend of his, the official in charge is only too ready to let her do it. Moreover, it is still widely thought that women ought to work without pay wherever possible, and though many of the nurses on the books of the Red Cross Society are, perhaps, prepared to give their services without wages, they are probably less able to pay their own expenses than the people of greater influence but less training who have gone to the front.

Public Meeting
AT
BROTHERHOOD CHURCH,
SOUTHGATE ROAD, ISLINGTON,
On Friday, January 22nd

Speakers—
SYLVIA PANKHURST,
JOHN SCURR, MRS. WALKER,
MRS. BOUVIER.

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GREAT JOINT DEMONSTRATION

— IN —

TRAFALGAR SQUARE,

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24th, 1914.

Speakers:

SYLVIA PANKHURST, GEORGE LANSBURY,
Mrs. HUNTER, (a Soldier's wife.)
BEN TILLETT, H. W. NEVINSON, Mrs. DRAKE,
Mrs. WALKER Miss NINA BOYLE
Mrs. AYRTON GOULD.

EAST LONDONERS and others.

COME to keep the Votes for Women flag flying!

COME to stand up for the Soldiers' wives and mothers

COME to protest against the regulations and punishments for women, that do not apply to men.

WAR OFFICE MORALS.

The War Office publishes a number of military books for the information of soldiers and recruits. In the Manual of Elementary Military Hygiene now in use, referring to venereal diseases, it is stated that: "These diseases cause more inefficiency from sickness than almost any other form of preventable disease." After explaining these various diseases the manual states that "the only true safeguard against venereal disease is abstention from promiscuous intercourse with women, but having regard to the method of transmission, thorough washing after connection may lessen the chance of infection. It is important that the soldier should realise the gravity of venereal disease and the necessity for early and proper treatment." This is a grossly inadequate method of dealing with this subject, especially as the majority of the soldiers in the regular army are mere boys. The War Office might well call a council of women into consultation when compiling manuals to advise on such gravely important matters.

But here is another argument for the Vote!

COMPARATIVE VALUES.

About three weeks ago three soldiers were each sentenced to one month's imprisonment for criminal assaults upon the same girl. One imagined that the authorities would justify so iniquitously light a sentence, by saying that every soldier was needed for the fighting line. The following case however, effectually disposes of such an excuse.

> Albert John Daniels, a quartermaster sergeant of the Royal East Kent Yeomanry, was sentenced at Canterbury Quarter Sessions, to fifteen months' imprisonment in the second division for participation in the robbery of two hindquarters of beef, the property of his Majesty the King.

Is two hindquarters of beef, fifteen times more valuable than a girl's chastity?

SUFFRAGE IN AMERICA.

On January 13th the American House of Representatives voted on Votes for Women for the first time in its history. Until recently it was generally held that this was a question which must be left to the individual State Legislatures to decide for themselves.

But during the last two years a movement has been afoot for throwing over the present piece-meal procedure, which, owing to the fact that some States are more backward than others, and that the constitution of some States is very cumbersome, is necessarily slow.

The supporters of the proposal to enfranchise all the women of all the States by a vote of Congress had to meet the opposition both of the anti-Suffragists and the "State Rights" champions, who persistently declare that the States should decide their own franchise.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Votes for Women has failed to pass this first time, but the hostile majority is not large. The figures are as follows:—

Against Votes for Women		204
For	" "	174
Hostile majority ...		30

We may confidently predict a victory next time. In the meantime the women are winning the Vote in State after State.

Who will give the E.L.F.S. a Piano?

WOMEN! JOIN THE
East London Federation of the Suffragettes —
WE NEED YOU!

I wish to become a member of the EAST LONDON FEDERATION OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Name .....

Address .....

I enclose 1½d. to cover membership and postage.

I enclose 4s. 4d. for a year's WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.

Name .....

Address .....

The Woman's Dreadnought.

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes,

321 ROMAN ROAD, BOW, E.

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Can be obtained at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH and SONS, and Messrs. WILLING.

Annual Subscription: Post free, 4s. 4d.

No. 44.—Saturday, Jan. 16th, 1915.

Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service.

IN FRANCE.

The business of obtaining permission to go to France in war time is not so formidable as one might expect. One has to go first with one's photograph to the Foreign Office to get the passport, then to the French Consulate to have the passport countersigned.

One is told to be at the station an hour before the departure of the boat train, and accordingly we arrived at Victoria about 7.30 a.m.

The porter who took charge of us was a pessimist. He told us that our hand luggage would be considered too bulky for the railway carriage and that we should have to wait an hour in the queue. But these predictions were unrealized. We stood in line for a few moments, clasping our passports. We heard an American man explaining that England is always putting the wrong people in prison (did he mean the Suffragettes?) and letting those who ought to be in prison go free, and that in his opinion England would be wiser to imprison "people like Speyer and Schroeder instead of chivvying about these people here." His wife had just time to reply, "Well do you want them to let everyone go as he pleases or to stop all of us travelling altogether? I'm quite prepared to do anything they ask and to stick here as long as they like." Then someone called: "ladies this way" and a passage was made for us into a little temporary wooden waiting room where a lady, who was unmistakably English, said to us "Vous êtes British?" and we answered "yes." Having received an assurance that we had no letters with us, she allowed us to go.

Both train and boat were crowded with civilians of many nationalities and British soldiers in khaki, for whom, though they passed through all barriers unquestioned, no special accommodation had been reserved.

At each barrier we civilians were again made to show our passports, and to repeat the assurance that we were carrying no letters. Hence I was forced to forgo the satisfaction of posting some copy for the DREADNOUGHT which I had written on the journey, I had to hand it instead to the official who was examining us at Folkestone, and did not know for a week afterwards that it had reached its destination safely.

Boulogne was transformed. Cockney porters seemed at least as numerous as French ones. Grey-bodied motor cars for the English Army were stacked up by the quay side. English motor buses, painted, even to the windows, a dull mud colour, waited in the road. Soldiers in long and short khaki overcoats crowded the platform, a buffet announced "soldier's refreshments free."

A collecting box on the restaurant counter appealed for subscriptions for the local distress caused by the War. At every station afterwards women boarded the train with boxes in aid of France's wounded soldiers.

Our train had started from Victoria Station at 8.30 a.m. We reached Paris at 9.45 p.m. We saw that the streets were emptier than usual and that they were less well lit, but they were not so dark as are our streets in London. But though the people as a whole seemed fewer, we did not observe at first any relative scarcity of men. Men are running the trains, the trams and the taxis, and are serving as porters and waiters. There are at least as many men as women in the streets: but when one goes to buy a ticket at the Gare du Nord, one discovers that there are women booking clerks, and though men sell the tickets in the subways, women stand at some of the gateways leading to subway platforms.

The fact that the nation is at war is not advertised as it is in London. Great coloured recruiting posters are not needed, because conscription *forces* men to the front. There are fewer soldiers as well as civilians in the streets. Paris does not appear to find the War a thing to make a "show" of as London does.

No one is paying rent in Paris at present and some of the finest hotels and private houses have been lent as hospitals for the wounded soldiers.

Shops in some of the principal thoroughfares have been lent as workrooms for women thrown out of employment by the War. Here the women sit sewing close to the big plate glass windows, so that all they do is open to the inspection of passers by.

We called at one such "ouvroir," managed and financed by Mme. Szymkiewicz who told us that at one time since the War, she had employed as many as 500 women, though she had only 25 in her workroom now. As soon as she had conceived the idea of employing workless women, she had gone to the French War Office and asked them to give her contracts. They had given her one for 30,000 soldier's kitbags; she had executed this and also some smaller orders.

She had engaged the women who had applied to her for help without asking any questions, and they had come to her from many professions and trades. Two were eccentric dancers, one was a dentist, some were ladies' maids, many knew nothing of sewing or machining.

Her workshop was open from 9 a.m. to 12 noon and from 1.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. She provided each woman freely with a dinner of soup, meat and vegetables, usually in the form of a stew, and a piece of bread at tea time and she paid them 4d. a day.

For what she spent on food she expected no return, but she found that the women did so little work, that they did not earn their 4d. a day She decided to put them on piecework rates and the result was that they earned for themselves 1s. 1d. and 1s. 2d. a day—not a good wage, but higher for Paris than for London, especially as there is a Moratorium for rent and, though fuel is expensive, food is said to be cheaper on the whole, than before the War.

Mme. Szymkiewicz told us that her workroom was not subsidised by public funds and that the regulation payment for women employed in relief workrooms was only 5d. a day!

Dr. FLORA MURRAY'S HOSPITAL.

In the outer entrance hall of Claridge's Hotel, there was no one to be seen, and in the spaceous inner hall the chandeliers were shrouded in muslin and all was quiet and still.

One man in uniform sat at a high desk. We asked him if we might see Dr. Flora Murray. He waved his hand and turning round, we saw her sitting opposite to us writing by the light of a shaded reading lamp at a long low table that served as a barrier. She did not see us until we were close to her and then she was so much her own calm usual self that it was a few moments before one realised that, like the soldiers, she was in uniform—a close fitting fine cloth dress of rather subdued khaki colour, with narrow red shoulder straps embroidered in red letters W.H.C.—Women's Hospital Corps. The orderlies wear the same uniform as the doctors, but their epaulettes are white with red letters.

Claridge's is admirably adapted for a hospital. The first great ward has surrounding bays built on a higher level. Beyond it is a series of other wards which, though smaller, are yet very large.

The place is splendidly lit, and when we saw it, its white walls had been covered by the convalescent soldiers with Christmas decorations, in which red white and blue paper roses and black cloths, inscribed with cotton wool snow letters, sprinkled with sparkling "frost predominated." "A Merry Christmas to Our Doctors, Sisters, and Nurses," was the favourite phrase.

In the centre of the wards are huge open coke braziers, which, as the newly built Claridge's Hotel still lacked its heating apparatus when War broke out, are the only means of providing warmth that it has been possible to devise. Dr. Murray considers them highly unsatisfactory, but to the casual observer they are only picturesque.

Groups of convalescent soldiers in khaki were sitting around the braziers, or talking to the men lying in the beds. They all turned in welcome to Dr. Murray and the Orderlies, and we felt that we had entered an atmosphere of genial friendliness, where everything ran easily and smoothly and was ordered well.

We had tea with Dr. Murray, her assistant Dr. Cuthbert, and three Orderlies—a French woman, an American woman, and an English woman. They talked of nothing but the patients and their doings, and it was easy to see that these things filled all their thoughts.

Returning to the wards we talked with a sad little Frenchman, who had lost his arm, and told us in dull, hopeless grief that he did not know what had happened to his wife and children, for whilst he had been fighting in other parts, the invading Germans had swept over the country where they lived.

A splendidly handsome man from Normandy, a giant in size, with fair hair and fine clear blue eyes, was confined to his bed with a knee that refused to mend. He told us that the Government allowance to his wife was 25 sous (1s. 0½d.) a day, and to his children 10 sous (5d.). "It is not much," he said. A young French officer, dark and slight, and nervously sensitive, spoke with compassion of the poor women made widows by the War, and the people driven from their homes. He was fortunate, for his people had come to Paris to be near him.

A man from Sheffield, a Reservist, with iron-grey hair, probably 50 years of age, said that he knew Miss Adela Pankhurst well, and had often heard her speak. He was a gunner. He served with 30 other men, in three relays of ten. As in a factory, each man had his section of work to do, and if he were killed in performing it, a man from one of the other two relays stepped forward to take his place. The Sheffield man had to carry ammunition to the gun, and the heavy work and exposure to weather had told on him grievously. Pains shot through him as he stooped to lift the shell, and at last he fell to the ground in doing so, and could not raise himself. Then he was bundled off to hospital suffering from rheumatism and an overstrained heart.

He told us that the first day under fire was most awful—the noise of the shells bursting all around—the sight of them flying overhead—the expectation of being hit at any moment—the sight of other men being killed and maimed. But the pressure of routine work, as time went on, dulled one's impressions of these things. The physical strain of keeping hard at it absorbed the greater part of one's attention.

When things were continuing steadily and the enemies' fire doing no extraordinary damage, one relay of ten men would be allowed to go off to sleep in a pit, roofed over with branches, and made very warm and comfortable by an oil stove. When the situation was more dangerous only short sleeps of one or two hours at a time were allowed. After being on duty for some weeks, the 30 men on the gun would be relieved by another set. They would retire out of range and take lodgings in some village. The Sheffield man told us that the food and the beer served out to the men in the trenches was good, but that the drink they bought for themselves in the villages was "fire water." The beer in hospital, he mentioned by the way, as he drank it, was excellent.

But all this our friend did not tell us in one conversation. The first time we saw him he was terribly depressed, and said that he did not think he would ever be well again. He said he was anxious to get home, but not to go home as he was then. "I should only be in the road like this," he said, "and I'm having the best of care here." We asked him if he got his letters regularly from home, and he said: "Yes, but I've only one friend I write to—my wife." His voice trailed off wistfully, but he tried to brighten up again, and repeated: "I'm having the best of care here."

Now, the whole ward was getting ready for a play, which some of the convalescent soldiers were to act. The day before, Dr. Murray and her assistants had been the entertainers. The stage was a large platform, with the bare white wall behind, and a little door in the centre, through which the players came and went.

The play was called "The Deserter." The first scene is a recruiting office. The recruiting sergeant sits writing at a small deal table. In comes the new recruit, a gay, perky little fellow, as cheerfully irresponsible as a London sparrow. He wants to be in the Guards; and when told that he is too short, goes off, refusing to join. But in a moment he is back again—all enthusiasm. "I say, gov'ner, put me in one of them specials." He spreads out his papers obligingly. "See, this is where I've worked." He is so friendly and full of confidence, so brotherly in his outlook upon the world! Obviously he feels he is a man worth having, and means to be as helpful as he can.

In the next scene a squad is being drilled by "Ser'nt Brown," a ridiculous elderly figure with a very red nose, abnormally prominent chest, and curiously lumpy calves. The new recruit sees everything as a joke. "Pick 'em up, pick 'em up," says Sergeant Brown, and the new recruit raises his feet exaggeratedly high. He obeys every direction in some new and humorous way. Some of the other men encourage him, but evidently most of them have become too deeply bored by the tiresome monotony of the drilling to do more than give an occasional faint smile.

A young officer comes in and exchanges vigorous windmill-like salutes with Sergeant Brown. Then he eyes the privates standing in line before him, curtly criticises their appearance, and gives a direction or two. Sergeant Brown echoes him and supplements him with irritating subservience. The new recruit pretends that he cannot do anything as it should be done. He is reprimanded, but argues back, and is determined to give as good as he gets, and finally is allowed to have the last word. Sergeant Brown hurriedly marches out the squad.

Obviously the new recruit had the sympathies of the privates on the stage, and of all those

who were sitting around us in the room. The soldiers in the audience were exchanging an occasional approving word or two, whilst the scene was being played, and recalling to each other incidents of which it reminded them. "Is it like that in the army?" we asked a young soldier sitting by us. He answered: "Oh yes, just like that." "Do they answer like that?" we asked when the new recruit was arguing. He said: "at first, till they get used to it." We asked: "what happens?" "They make allowances at first," he said.

The next scene is the barrack room. A number of soldiers are playing cards. All but the new recruit run out of the room like schoolboys as their superiors enter. The new recruit continues calmly shuffling the cards and is punished for "gambling," to the evident satisfaction of Sergeant Brown.

Afterwards the men are seen scrubbing the floors of barracks. They are surly and discontented. They do the work badly and are scolded by the officers. The new recruit has lost his buoyancy, he is more rebellious and discontented than the others. He declares that he is "fed up" and means to run away.

Next Sergeant Brown marches on the new recruit to relieve another private who is on sentry duty. Each man is made to repeat a stereotyped order as to the length of his beat and the position of an imaginary enemy, who is supposed to be thirty yards in front. One realizes that until now most of these young soldiers have been dealing always with imaginary enemies, and going through theroetical routine, the usefulness of which apparently might never be put to the test. As soon as he is left to himself, the recruit props up his gun with his hat and coat upon it, and runs away.

Next we see two officers sitting gravely comparing papers. The deserter is brought before them. He is charged with desertion, with being drunk, and with striking a superior officer, and a comrade on arrest.

Evidence is given by each witness in the same quick, jerky, and scarcely audible murmer. "On the umph, oftheumphumphumph, I arrested the pris'ner on the steps of the umph umph umph. Whenlarrested im 'e became disord'ly and in the barrack room'e struck Sern't Brown a blow on the right cheek and Pri't Jones on thelefteye."

The evidence is reeled off thus in a form that reminds us of the Police Court, and the deserter is committed to the Divisional Court Martial.

Before the Court Martial the officers who are to try the case take oath "not to divulge anything which takes place within this Court until the sentence is promulgated."

Then the deserter is brought in. Each witness gives evidence as before, and there are many calls for "Ser'nt Brown." This time the deserter asks questions. Why if he was drunk did Sergeant Brown and the other officer who arrested him, allow him to pay for drinks for them? Sergeant Brown and the other officer stoutly deny this, Sergeant Brown never drinks. The deserter then asks "Why is his nose so red?" But the question is evaded and the Judge tells him he is a "liar."

The deserter is asked whether he has anything to say for himself, he answers that he deserted because he was "fed up." "What is fed up?" asks the Judge. A young officer explains "Sick and tired of the life of the Army altogether."

There is a brief consultation between the Judges, and then, unexpectedly, as it seems, to the deserter, he is condemned to die.

He staggers a little and covers his eyes with his hand. Then they march him out.

"Are they sentenced to death for running away?" we asked the soldier at our elbow, "Oh yes, on active service" he said, "And then you have to dig your own grave."

"Have you seen a Court Martial?" we asked him. "Yes" he said gravely and raked the red coals in the brazier uncomfortably with a bit of stick.

The stage is a barrack room now and the soldiers are sitting on the floor playing cards. Sergeant Brown and another officer come in, and though the players gather up the cards as quickly as they can and stuff them under their coats, it is impossible to hide what has been going on. But nothing is said. The men are ordered out into the parade ground. The deserter is brought out and asked if he wishes to be tied up. He refuses and asks Sergeant Brown if his conscience does not prick him. A "firing party" is called out. The deserter is shot and falls stiffly off the stage and on to one of the beds.

Presently Sergeant Brown brings a party of men to clear the body away.

To the last the players were all quite serious, except the deserter, who had acted most cleverly, until he had been marched from the Court Martial. Perhaps the later stages of the drama appealed to him as being too gruesome to be acted seriously. The audience seemed to share this feeling.

In the main it was an arresting picture of barrack life,—a picture too vivid, too full of detail to be anything but true,—showing how heavily it is overlaid with dreary useless routine and out-of-date cast iron regulations. How much of bright, adventurous, fertile youth has been sacrificed to that barren plan which seeks to make men merely ready obedient tools to kill their fellow men!

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Not far from Dr. Murray's Hospital at Claridge's, is the Hotel Majestic, which is a hospital now, and is, with three others, under the care of Mr. H. D. Harben.

It is a fine big building, but less well ventilated, the doctors told us, than a hospital ought to be, and as we entered, the corridors were heavy with the smell of ether from the operations constantly taking place. The wards were sad, for in them were many seriously wounded, who seemed to be very near still to the gates of death. There were Arabs and Turcos, who could not speak with either nurse or doctor, their dark faces looking ghastlier in palour than those of fairer men. In one bed was an English boy of nineteen, shattered in many places, with his beautiful face half bandaged, and his dark eyes full of awful memories and present pain.

Three French peasants, lying in beds at the far side of the ward, talked with us in matter of fact strain. It was cold in the trenches? Oh yes, but one could bear it. War was horrible? Oh yes, but it had to come, and one must see it through. Another sturdy peasant was the unique and miraculous cure of the hospital. He had been brought in entirely paralysed in all four limbs, with a bullet in the nape of the neck. This had been extracted and the wound was all but healed, and he could move about as freely as before. Three French officers, who were in a little private ward together, had been wounded through an accident when they had been experimenting with a hand grenade. One had lost the sight of an eye and the use of an ear, but spoke with gaiety of going back to the War.

A Yorkshire footballer, who earned £4 a week in the season, and 30s. a week when there was no play, had lost for ever the use of a foot and hand, and had nearly died of blood poisoning. "What will you do when you get back?" we asked him. "I don't know," he said, "unless the Government has some idea of setting me up in a little business." He looked at us as though he would like an assurance that we thought it would be so. Then, as though to comfort himself, he told us that though he was "no scholar," his wife wrote him such beautiful letters that he passed them round to all the ward. A Lancashire man, who was terribly wounded, had had three operations and was expecting to undergo a fourth. He had been through the Boer War, he said, but that war was as nothing to this one. There was bitter suffering in his voice and horror in his eyes. The doctors told me that they thought the English soldiers were usually more impressed than the French with the horror of war.

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At Dr. Flora Murray's hospital the convalescent soldiers cured of their wounds, their illnesses, an frost-bite, were giving a farewell concert before they must go back to the War next day. French soldiers sang florid operatic love songs; an Irish boy sang of his jaunting car; an English voice, pathetic as that of Albert Chevalier, sang of the poor old soldier who fought at his country's bidding "all through the cold Crimea," and must go to the workhouse to end his days.

Last of all was a speech of thanks to Dr. Murray and her helpers, in which the soldiers pledged themselves always to speak up for their doctor and her hospital in the trenches and elsewhere.

Dr. Murray never talks Suffrage in the wards, but privately the men have given many assurances that when they get home again they mean to see that women get the Vote.

E. Sylvia Pankhurst.

FAMOUS DETECTIVE ADVOCATES VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Speaking recently at the Fifth Avenue Suffrage Shop in New York, William J. Burns, the famous detective, said:—

"In my 25 years' work in the cities of this country, work which has taken me into the thick of affairs, I have seen that the Suffragists, while working for the ballot, are also promoting good citizenship. My experience in detecting criminals has convinced me that universal Suffrage is necessary to bring about many needed reforms.

"When Suffrage comes you will select from among your number the women best qualified for public work, and they will make the cities fit places for the children to grow up in. I wish I could put the 'white slave' problem into the hands of a selected group of women in this city whom I could name, and give them the power that men have. They would soon clear it up."

What do our English detectives say?

Mr. BUMBLE in PADDINGTON.

The Paddington Guardians have been circularising other Boards in order to call their attention to what they term the "Danger to the Community" of granting pensions to soldiers' and sailors' unmarried "wives" and their children. They urge that pensions should only be granted to "lawful wives" and even "relief" should only be granted to the unmarried after full enquiry.

The woman who has entered into the relationship of a wife without the sanction of the law, lacks the aid of the law in enforcing maintenance, if the man thrusts her aside when he is tired. Their children, who have had no part in the contract, are almost as precariously placed as she.

The Bumbles of Paddington wish to make the position of such women and children yet more precarious. Even when the man recognizes the moral claim upon him, they wish the State to save money by denying it. What a disgraceful example for the State to set!

The Bumbles of Paddington pretend to be anxious for public morals. They profess to imagine that starvation will safeguard the virtue of woman, and that poor little Oliver Twist must always ask in vain.

2-Course Meals 2d.
and Soup 1d. a pint
FROM OUR
"COST PRICE" RESTAURANTS,
400 OLD FORD ROAD, BOW,
24 RAILWAY STREET, POPLAR.
Soup 1d. a pint
53 St. Leonard Street, Bromley.

YOUR FOOD WILL COST YOU MORE!

The price of necessaries is rising steadily if not sensationally. The increased price of flour has raised bread to 7d. the 4lb. loaf. Coal is rising, partly through the difficulties of transport, partly, no doubt, through the extra demands of the Navy. Fish is both dear and scarce, and the rise in meat, both fresh, and imported is considerable. Even the prices of vegetables are rising now. The scarcity of wood has made both firewood and matches increase in price.

What has *not* risen is wages, separation allowances, and the Government scale of relief. Yet the purchasing power of £1 is now, at the highest estimate, an estimate with which we cannot agree, only equal to that of 17s. 6d. in normal times. The rise in prices has knocked at least ½d. an hour off wages—we think more.

It is women who in the main are feeling the pinch and they are once more up against the fact that their interests are nobody's business. It is the duty of the Government to commandeer food supplies for the nation, (as it is quite ready to do for the Army if necessary), and to sell at cost price, or even under cost price. This would at least mean that the extra cost of living would be spread over a greater number of years, and it would prevent unscrupulous traders from gambling in the necessities of the people.

We demand that the Government shall control the supplies of food, fuel and other necessaries, and that women, the nation's housekeepers, and especially working women, who form the majority of the nation's buyers, shall be placed on all committees for fixing food prices.

We demand that women shall vote in order that they may effectively enforce their point of view.

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

General Fund.

"Well-wishers in Bath and neighbourhood" 6.3.6, Miss Macdonnell and Carol-singers collected 5.10.0, Mrs. Wedgwood 5.0.0, Mrs. Francis Wood 2.2.0, Mrs. Bevan 2.0.0, Sale of Daffodil Bulbs (Mrs. Rowe) 1.2.8, per Miss Joyce 1.0.3, per Mrs. L. T. Lobley 1.0.0, Mrs. Harben 1.0.0, Miss M. A. Pelly, 1.0.0, Collected (Poplar) 13.8½, Miss N. MacMunn 10.0, Miss A. M. Walters 10.0, Miss N. Picton 5.0, Miss O. Hockin 5.0, Miss Richmond 5.0, Mrs. Brybone 5.0, Anon per Miss Pankhurst 2.6, Miss Tench 3.0, Collection (Poplar) 2.0, Farthing collection 1.2.

For Milk and General Distress:—Mrs. Ayrton 5.0.0, B.D.W.S.U. per Miss Hodge 5.0.0, Mrs. Singer (2.6 weekly) 1.12.6, Mrs. H. E. Lesser 1.1.0, Messrs. A. Glicksten & Son (1.0.0 monthly), Miss S. Bennett 1.0.0, Miss Hicks 1.0.0, Mrs. Burman 1.0.0, Mrs. J. H. Clarke 1.0.0, Miss F. M. Collier (monthly) 1.0.0, Miss C. L. Collier 1.0.0, J. W. Stephens, Esq. 1.0.0, Mrs. Cuthbert Hunter 1.0.0, Mrs. Lambert 1.0.0, E. F. Errington, Esq., 1.0.0, A Suffragist 17.6, Miss B. Harraden (monthly 2.6), Anon "For Sylvia's Babies" 10.0, Miss D. O. Holsh 10.0, Miss Yeoman (weekly) 10.0, per E. H. Warren 10.0, Mrs. Priebech 10.0, per Mrs. Knight 10.0, Mr. & Mrs. Reynolds 10.0, Anon—Hornsey 10.0 (weekly), Miss M. Morgan-Brown (for cakes for children's party) 10.0, Anon 7.6, Misses Kirkpatrick & Sanguine 7.0, Mrs. Usherwood 7.0, Miss O. Beamish 5.0, Mr. Robinson 5.0, Mrs. Taylor 5.0 Mrs. Atkinson 5.0, Nurse Startup 5.0, E.C. 5.0, Mrs. Richmond (weekly) 5.0, A well-wisher 5.0, per Miss Setchfield 5.0, Miss I. Jones (2.0 weekly) 4.0, Miss A. L. Durham 3.6, Mrs. Power 3.6, A. G. Chandler, Esq. 3.0, Miss H. M. Thomson 2.6, J. A. Douglas, Esq. 2.6, D.R.F.—Streatham 2.6, Miss J. Barrowman (monthly) 2.6, Miss M. Barrowman (monthly) 2.6, D. Wilkie, Esq. (monthly) 2.6, Tom A. Squire, Esq. 2.6, Miss M. E. Abbott 2.6, Mrs. Girling 2.0, Lover of Babies 2.0, Miss Randell 2.0, Mrs. Vine (farthings) 1.2½, Mrs. Bacon 1.0, Mr. Mewett 1.0, Mrs. Bullock 0.6, Mrs. Organ 0.3. Collected—Mrs. Bird 15.7½ (8.0 collected outside Green's Works), Mrs. Drake 6.2½ (collected outside Green's Works), Mrs. Cahill 1.1, Miss Jessie Winter 0.9½, Miss Rose Pengelly 0.4½, Mrs. Parsons 1.16.9½, Miss Phillips 1.11.1, Two friends 10.7½, Mrs. Mills 4.6, Miss Greenleaf 1.7.

Clothes, Toys, etc.—Miss E. Haig, Miss Z. Proctor, Miss D. Henry, Mrs. Ingall, M.B.W., Miss Fox, Mrs. Isherwood, Miss Lena Bross, Miss A. Powey, Mrs. L. Boyce Barrow, Miss Benningfield, Miss L. Dixon Mrs. Day, Miss E. Canning, Miss B. Rodd, Miss F. Lynch, Miss G. Richard, Miss E. Rickards, Mrs. Lancaster, Miss G. Girling, Miss Hicks, Nurse Wolfe, Miss Lagsding, Miss Di Benningfield, Miss Hetty Watts, Miss C. Bagster.

For many weeks twelve loaves of bread arrived daily at our Bow restaurant. We never knew from whom they came, and now the supply has ceased. We wish most gratefully to thank the kind donor, and to appeal for the recommencement of the valued gift, which we specially need now that the price of bread has gone up!

DISTRICT REPORTS.

BOW.

Organiser: MISS MANICOM, 321 Roman Rd.

Will members please note that the members' meeting will be held on Monday at 8 p.m. this week and next, owing to the meetings at Bow Baths and Hackney taking place on the two following Fridays? The Savings Bank will commence on Monday, January 18th, and contributions be taken at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Help for the stall is still wanted on Fridays and Saturdays. Names for collecting on Milk Days are still wanted. If you have only a short time to spare, give in your name, and the time you can give, to the organiser.

Will members please make our Sunday evenings known? A good musical programme is provided from 8 to 8.30. Coffee and cakes can be obtained after the meeting at 4d. per cup and cakes 4d. each.

Assistance is required for advertising the demonstration in Trafalgar Square on Jan. 24th. Chalking parties will be arranged at the members' meetings on Mondays.

Dreadnoughts sold week ending Jan. 9th, Bow 198. Mrs. Payne 83.

Distributed—Mrs. Connell and Mrs. Moore, 250; Mrs. Savoy, 250; Mrs. Carlisle, 200; Mrs. Harmsworth, 50; Mrs. Pascoe, 100; Mrs. Lake, 100. Mrs. Knudson, 175.

POPLAR.

THE WOMEN'S HALL, 20 RAILWAY ST.

Organiser: MRS. DRAKE.

Tuesday evening meetings have been well attended by members, and we should like this attendance kept up with the addition of the unconverted. Miss S. Pankhurst's lecture on Scarborough was greatly appreciated. We hope to have the pleasure of Miss Pankhurst's company again in a month's time, and we must endeavour to have four times as many people present.

Anybody wishing to join the Savings Club may do so. Please apply at office for rules. Mrs. Giles has undertaken to canvass with the paper, Rowsell Street and Robsard Street *regularly*, and this good example please copy. Most of the members distributed papers this week, also bills for which many thanks. We still need *regular* helpers.

Sale of clothes held 6.30 p.m., Monday, January 18th, and each Monday until further notice. Admittance by ticket on application. Many thanks to those who have assisted with the children's party.

Dreadnoughts sold week ending Jan. 8—145. Mrs. Schlette, 58.

Distributed—Mrs. Schlette and helpers nearly 1,000. Other distributors—Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Boswell and others. Three new members this week.

OTHER SOCIETIES.

NORTH LONDON M.P.U.

Hon. Sec.: MR. H. G. EVERETT.
19 St. Thomas Road, Finsbury Park.

The Secretary thanks all those who have helped to make our New Year's Social the big success it seems likely to be, and hopes it will give a big impetus to our N. London campaign.

Meeting as usual next Sunday. All members are asked to attend the Brotherhood Church on Friday, January 22nd, when Miss Sylvia Pankhurst will speak. All members are asked to rally in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, January 24th, at the great demonstration.

R. S. P. U.

Hon. Sec.—J. W. BONARIUS, 89 Wyke Road.

Members' meeting every Tuesday evening, at 8 p.m., in small Women's Hall, Old Ford Road, where Secretary would like to meet any men who wish to join. Entrance fee 3d., contribution 1d. per week.

Look out for date of next Social in aid of the E.L.F.S. Milk Fund which will be announced in the *Dreadnought*.

OUR POPLAR CHILDREN'S PARTY

Our Poplar Children's Party of about 500 children, held on Monday, Jan. 11th, was a brilliant success. Songs and dances in costume by Miss Fox and her friends. Miss Nora Ashbee in "My Crinoline," and Miss Kathleen McDonnell's Russian and Egyptian Dances as well as Miss Lily McDonnell's singing were all received with delight by the children, and the toys, garments and cakes provided by many kind friends were very much appreciated.

Our Canning Town Children's Party takes place at the Public Hall, Saturday, January 23rd, at 4 p.m.

Who will send TOYS and CAKES for the Children?

Please address all parcels to 400 Old Ford Rd., Bow, E.

The E.L.F.S. MEMBERS' MONTHLY SOCIAL GATHERING takes place on Saturday, January 31st, and will be held in Poplar. Further particulars later.

A LESSON FROM CHICAGO.

It was something over a year ago that the Women's Trade Union League of Chicago, feeling that its work would gain greatly in effectiveness if brought more immediately and concretely before the people, decided to establish a "Trade Union Centre" in the midst of one of the vast factory districts of the city in which its work lies. Chicago is so large that there was no possibility of making the Centre useful to more than one locality. Some idea of the city's extent may be gained from the mention of the fact that the Centre is situated some ten miles from where the writer of this article lives, and yet neither is on the outskirts of its particular part of town. But it was felt that a grip on one section of the city would be well worth the effort, and accordingly it was decided to make a beginning on the north-west side—a district which is growing yearly in manufacturing importance. Here is the centre of the garment-making trade, and within an area of a few square miles are gathered hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews, Poles, Roumanians, Irish, Italian, and Americans. The first mentioned go chiefly into the garment trade, the others scatter among binderies and corset factories, hat and cap factories and embroidery shops, retail shops, glove factories and great canning establishments—besides many minor industries too numerous to be set down. At the junction of the two main shopping streets in this great hive of workers, the League rented two rooms, the one, a small room for use as a library, reading and rest room, the other, a fair-sized assembly room. The furnishing and part of the support of these were undertaken by the branch of League members in the district. Collections were taken in the shops among the already organised trades. In five and ten cent contributions, the glove workers raised enough to pay for the library table. The carpenters volunteered to give the labour of putting in the lockers in the assembly room, and so in the spirit of true co-operation the venture was begun.

While organisation is of course always the main work of the W.T.U.L. it never fails to recognise too the great need and value of education and recreation, and has undertaken all three as part of the program of its new Centre. The great primary task of education which confronts the workers of America—the teaching of the English tongue to their foreign brothers and sisters—is a vital necessity in this as in the majority of factory districts, where literally thousands of the workers do not speak nor understand English, and so are especially helpless before the exploiters of labour. Coming in great numbers from their own countries and settling in groups according to nationalities, both men and women—and married women especially—are slow to pick up the language with which they come into slight contact, and are shy of entering public evening schools in competition with younger and gentler pupils. The League provides a teacher for any group that cares to form itself, and if, as in the case of the Italians, it is the national custom not to allow the girls out at night, the teacher goes into the home. With the lessons in English are taught the value of labouring power and collective bargaining, the importance of the ballot and various aspects of citizenship, in the attempt to give a wider horizon on life. Then too, there are the more advanced classes, made up of those who know something of the language. In the way of recreation, dancing and gymnastic classes are held. Books of course are always to be had from the League library, and practically any book in any language can be secured on the request of a borrower, from the Chicago Public Library at a week's notice. Papers and magazines are also to be found in the library; which is open evenings and at the noon hour.

Legislation has always been one of the chief branches of the League's activities, and important laws in the limitation of working hours and in the matter of fire prevention have been secured by the working women of Chicago. But there is a difficulty in their enforcement, through lack of State appropriation to employ an adequate number of inspectors, and through the ignorance of those who in any circumstances are the best inspectors and the only inspectors always "on the job"—namely the workers themselves.

Therefore large numbers of leaflets, printed in English, Polish, Italian and Yiddish respectively, telling in simple language the gist of the fire laws and asking the recipient to fill in answers to fair questions concerning the condition of her shop, have been widely distributed by League members in this neighbourhood.

Thus are discovered many shops in which, contrary to law, inflammable rubbish is piled high, or where workroom doors are locked on the outside, promising unimaginable horrors in case of fire. The facts are of course reported to the Fire Prevention Bureau (established in Chicago through the efforts of the W.T.U.L.) which then sends out an inspector and brings the employer to time. Incidentally the League is afforded a clue to those places where organisation might be of especial benefit.

Briefly, then, this is the work of the new Trade Union Centre on the north-west side of Chicago. A sort of Labour Temple, it stands open to the workers to meet, to play, to study, to relax in. Begun by the organised workers as a means of helping their less fortunate sisters, it is for the originators as well, a source of pleasure and profit; and governed democratically by committees of League members representative of the different trades, it is a true expression of their wants and desires. Our hope is that year by year it may become a stronger factor in the working women's battle for justice, equality, and a fuller life.

AMY WALKER FIELD.

GIFTS FROM ABROAD.

The British Dominions Woman Suffrage Union has issued an appeal to friends overseas for English and Belgian women and children who are suffering through the War. The response both in money and gifts of clothing, etc., has been very generous. Contributions of money include the following:—from various friends in Canada £2 14s. 0d., in South Africa £32 16s. 8d., in Australia £70 13s. 6d., in New Zealand £17 15s. 0d., London £3 3s. 0d., making a grand total of £127 2s. 2d. Contributions of clothing and other gifts in kind have also come from Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. The Australian and New Zealand Governments, the South African Government Railways, the Union-Castle Line, the South African Boating Line, the Natal Line of Steamers and the London Agents (Van Oppen & Co., and Neale & Wilkinson) have conveyed all these goods free of charge.

Of these gifts the East London Federation of the Suffragettes has received £5 in money via Miss Hodge of the British Dominions Woman Suffrage Union; clothing from Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Spicer of the Swan and Roaring River Suffrage Society, Manitoba; Mrs. Cross of British Columbia; Mrs. Thewlis of East London, South Africa; Mrs. Esson of the Women's Reform Club, Johannesburg, South Africa; and 15 other cases of clothing from South Africa.

For all kind gifts, the East London Federation tenders its grateful thanks, both to the donors from overseas, and to the organisers of the B.D.W.S.U., who have sent out the appeal to our Suffrage friends abroad.

Write for a Price List of our Toys!

New designs by a Belgian Artist.

On Saturday, January 9th, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst spoke at a meeting of the Students' Association for North London, in the Lecture Hall of the Islington Central Library, Holloway Road. A collection of £3 5s. 1d. was taken for the E.L.F.S. relief work and 15s. 0½d. worth of E.L.F.S. toys were sold. The Students' Association will pay a visit to the E.L.F.S. centres on Saturday, January 16th.

MOTHERS AND BABIES.

We lend necessitous mothers outfits for their babies, for the first months.

FOR BABY.

Four gowns, four barrows, two flannel bands, twelve napkins, three vests and a cot blanket.

FOR MOTHER.

Two nightgowns, a woollen shawl, three towels, two sheets and one pair pillowcases.

Our milk bill increases weekly. We urgently need subscriptions towards it; also gifts of:—

EGGS.

For invalids and babies who are too ill to digest milk, and are given the white of egg beaten up in water.

ARROWROOT, BARLEY & RICE, BORACIC POWDER, BORACIC LINT, VASELINE, ZINC OINTMENT, COD LIVER OIL AND MALT.

Dr. Jukes will attend at 400 Old Ford Rd. at 2.30 p.m. on Mondays beginning January 4th., and at 53 St. Leonard St., Thursdays at 2.30 beginning January 7th.

Dr. Royle attends 20 Railway St., Poplar, Monday, 3 to 5 p.m.

Will you send us some money for the babies' milk.

Nurse Hebbes has prepared us a chart for infant feeding, and this is published as a free leaflet. Mothers who wish to have it can obtain it at any of our centres.

CLOTHING STALLS.

Clothing stalls, where new and second-hand clothes may be bought at very low prices, are open at 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, on Fridays and Saturdays, at 20 Railway Street, Poplar on Monday at 6 p.m., and at 53 St. Leonard Street on Fridays and Saturdays, and 14 Butcher's Road, Canning Town on Wednesday evenings. We shall be glad if friends can send us any clothes for these stalls. Boots and Shoes are very urgently needed.

All parcels should be sent to 400 Old Ford Road, E., addressed to Miss N. L. Smyth.

MORE MILK.

The heavy cost of keeping up our Milk for Mothers and Babies, our Restaurants and all our other relief work, is causing us great anxiety. We are therefore arranging for two EAST LONDON RELIEF DAYS in the East End, on the first Saturday and first Sunday in February, i.e. February the 6th and 7th.

The following members and friends have already volunteered to help at hours and pitches given below. Other friends please promise to collect at other times and places.

BOW DISTRICT.

SATURDAY—Miss Manicom, Captain.

Miss Hayday and Miss Leary, Bow Road (District Railway) 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Miss Gallop, Miss Rose Cohen and Mrs. W. Lansbury, corner of Grove Road and Roman Road, 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. Mrs. Clay and Mrs. Simmonds, Hackney Station, 3 p.m.

SUNDAY—Miss Manicom, Captain.

Miss Hayday and Miss Leary, outside the People's Palace, 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. Mrs. Clark, Bow Road Station, 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. Miss Marks, Miss Watts, Mrs. Farrall and Miss Burgess, 3 to 5 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

POPLAR DISTRICT.

SATURDAY—Mrs. Drake, Captain.

Miss K. Lagsding and Miss D. Morley, outside Green's factory, 1 p.m. Miss White and Mrs. Allen, outside Sailor's Rest, East India Dock Road. Miss Adams, Millwall, 1 p.m.

SUNDAY—Mrs. Bird, Captain.

Miss K. Lagsding and Miss D. Morley, East India Dock Gates, morning. Miss C. Lagsding and Miss C. Dent, outside the Picture Palace opposite Blackwall Tunnel, 6 p.m. Mr. Drake and Mr. Waller, Mrs. Donovan.

WEST HAM.

SATURDAY—Mrs. Parsons, Captain.

Two friends, Woodgrange Road, Forest Gate, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Miss Penn and Miss Greenleaf, Stratford Empire, 6 p.m. Miss Brown and Miss Tighe, Boleyn Picture Palace, 6 p.m. Mrs. Drake.

SUNDAY—Mrs. Parsons, Captain.

Miss Penn and Miss Greenleaf door to door collection. Two friends, St. Andrew's Church, morning; St. Cedd's, afternoon. Miss Leggett, Beckton Road, corner 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Mrs. Drake.

An old lady living in Bow, who is in financial difficulties, has an old English one pound note issued by the Portsmouth, Portsea and Hampshire Bank, dated January 7th, 1819. It has been handed down as an heirloom in her family. Enquiries should be addressed to Miss Smyth, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

The Poplar choir will meet at 94 Upper North Street on Wednesday 20th January.

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